

048_0001

page 48 photo of B-17s in formation

Poem: High Flight

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth
of Sun-split clouds, and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of -- wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence, hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up, the long, delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
Where never lark on even eagle flew;
And while with silent lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.
-- even during war! [handwritten note added by Minker]

page_0001